MORTIMER ADLER ON DICTIONARIES

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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"IT'S THE GYPSY IN ME"
By Konrad Bercovici
Reviewed by Phil Stong

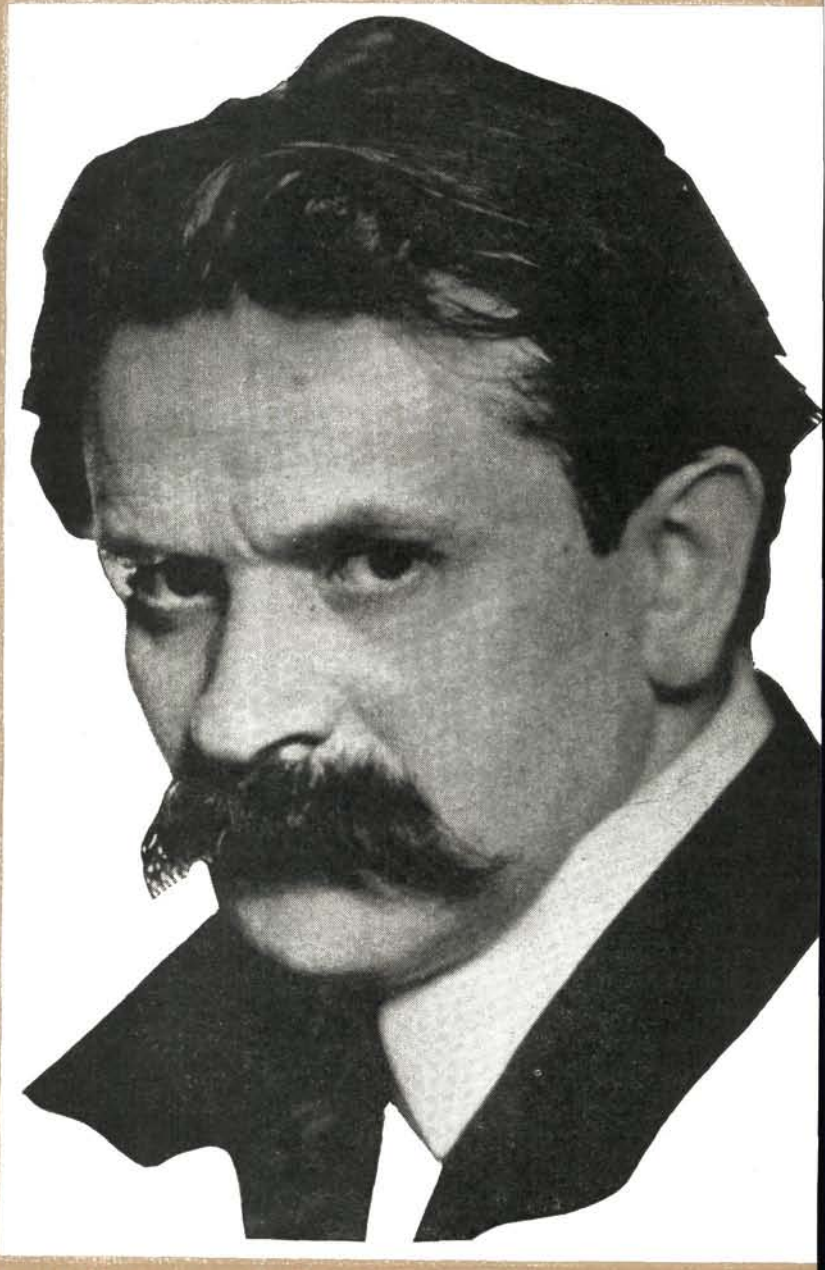
"MAD GRANDEUR"
By Oliver St. John Gogarty
Reviewed by R. Ellis Roberts

"THE SHORT GRASS COUNTRY"
By Stanley Vestal
Reviewed by William Allen White

"GOOD OLD SUMMER DAYS"
By Richmond Barrett
Reviewed by Fairfax Downey

"THE SEA AND THE SHORE"
By Jacland Marmur
Reviewed by Bess Jones

"SENSATION FAIR"
By Egon Erwin Kisch
Reviewed by Henry B. Kranz



KONRAD BERCOVICI (author of "It's the Gypsy in Me") finds that "recitations are no defense against tooth and claw." *(See page 5)*

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The Saturday Review of Literature

How to Read a Dictionary

MORTIMER ADLER

THE dictionary invites a playful reading. It challenges anyone to sit down with it in an idle moment only to find an hour gone by without being bored. Recently I noticed an advertisement for a dictionary as a wonder book. "Astonished Actually Means Thunderstruck" was the headline, written obviously in the hope that the prospective buyer would be thunderstruck, or wonderstruck, enough to look further. And the rest of the ad listed such tidbits as a "*disaster* literally means 'the stars are against you!'" or "to tantalize is to torment with the punishment of Tantalus as told in Greek mythology."

While I do not think astonishment is the dictionary's main mission in life, I cannot resist reporting some of the things I learned accidentally while thumbing its pages, in the course of writing this article. I discovered that the word "solecism" derives from Soli, the name of a Greek colony in Cilicia, whose inhabitants were thought by the Athenians to speak bad Greek; hence, "solecism" was probably the equivalent in Greek slang for a Bostonian's contemptuous reference to "New Yorkese." I learned that "coal" originally meant charred wood. It was then applied to mineral coal when this was first introduced, under such names as "sea-coal" and "pit-coal." Now that mineral coal is the more common variety, we redundantly refer to charred wood as "charcoal." I was edified by the fact that the drink "Tom and Jerry" derives its name from the two chief characters in Egan's "Life of London" (1821), that in England a low beer joint is called a "Tom and Jerry Shop," and that indulgence in riotous behavior is called "to tom and jerry." I had always thought that a forlorn hope was really a hope on the verge of turning into despair, but it seems that it isn't a hope at all. "Hope" here is a misspelling of the Dutch word "hoop" meaning heap. A forlorn hope is a storming party, a band of heroes who are willing to end up in a heap for their country's cause. And most shocking of all was the discovery that one theory about the origin of the magician's "hocus pocus" accounts for it as a corruption of *"hoc est corous"*—the sacred words accompanying the sacrament of the Eucharist. This, together with the reversal in meaning of "dunce" —from the proper name of Duns Scotus, the subtlest doctor of the Church, to naming a numbskull—provides a two word commentary on the transition from the Middle Ages to modern times.

The staid modern dictionary is full of such wit even when it doesn't try to be funny, as Dr. Johnson did when he defined "oats" as "a grain which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people." Look up "Welsh rabbit," for example, or "scotch capon" or "swiss steak," and you will discover gentle jokes about national shortcomings in diet.

I FIND that what interests me most of all are the shifts in meaning of common words in daily use. From meaning an attendant on horses, "marshall" has come to mean a leader of men; though also originating in the stable, "constable" has gone in the reverse direction from signifying an officer of highest rank to denoting a policeman; "boon" has done an about-face by becoming the gift which answers a petition, having been the prayer which asked for it; "magistrate" and "minister" have changed places with each other in the ups and downs of words, for in current political usage, "magistrate" usually names a minor official, whereas "minister" refers to a *major* diplomatic or cabinet post. It is often hard to remember that a minister is a *servant* of the people, and harder still to recall the precise point of religious controversy which caused the substitution of "minister" for "priest" as the name for one who served in the performance of sacerdotal functions. And readers of our Constitution should have their attention called to a shift in the word "citizen" from meaning any one who, by birth or choice, owes allegiance to the state, to the narrower designation of those who are granted the right to vote. Similarly, "commerce" has narrowed in meaning; like "trade," it once meant every dealing in merchandise, but now is distinguished from industry according to the difference between distributing commodities and producing them.

Mortimer Adler

The word "commerce" reminds me of one other sort of incidental inquiry the dictionary lures you into. You discover that "commerce" and "mercenary" have the same root in *"mercis,"* wares, and that leads you to the closely related root *"merces,"* pay or reward, which is embodied in the word "mercy." If you start this game of research, you will find such roots as *"spec"* from *"spectare"* meaning to look at or see, which generates a family of 246 English words (species, speculate, specimen, specify, spectacle, inspect, respect, aspect, etc.); or *"press"* from *"primo"* meaning to squeeze, which has an equally large family (impress, repress, pressing, compress, surpress, oppress, depress, express, etc.).

It is almost as hard to stop writing about the dictionary in this way as to stop reading one when you are in hot pursuit of the mysteries of human speech. But, over and above such fascinations, the dictionary has its sober uses. To make the most of these one has to know how to read the special sort of book a dictionary is. But, before I state the rules, let me see if I can explain why most people

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today don't use dictionaries in a manner befitting the purpose for which they were originally created.

IN its various sizes and editions, the dictionary is an unlisted best-seller on every season's list. To be able to get along without one would be a sign of supreme literacy—of complete competence as a reader and writer. The dictionary exists, of course, because there is no one in that condition. But, if the dictionary is the necessity we all acknowledge, why is it so infrequently used by the man who owns one? And, even when we do consult it, why do most of us misuse the dictionary or use it poorly?

The answer to both questions may be that few of us make efforts at reading or writing anything above the present level of our literary competence. The books—or maybe it is just the newspapers and magazines—we read, and the things we write, don't send us to the dictionary for help. Our vocabularies are quite adequate, because the first rule in most contemporary writing is the taboo against strange words, or familiar words in strange senses.

Of course, there are always people (not excluding college graduates) who have difficulty with spelling or pronouncing even the common words in daily discourse. That, by the way, is the source of the most frequent impulse to go to the dictionary. There is nothing wrong about this. The dictionary is there to render this simple service—in fact, Noah Webster began his career as the compiler of a spelling book which sold in the millions. But my point remains—the dictionary has other and more important uses, and the reason we do not generally avail ourselves of these services is not our superiority, but rather our lack of need as the life of letters is currently lived.

The history of dictionaries, I think, will bear me out on this point. The Greeks did not have a dictionary, even though "lexicon" is the Greek word for it. They had no need for foreign language dictionaries because there was no literature in a foreign language they cared to read. They had no need for a Greek word-book because the small educated class already knew what such a book would contain. This small group of literate men would have been, like the modern French Academy, the makers of the dictionary, the arbiters of good usage. But at a time when so sharp a line separated the learned from the lewd (which, in an obsolete usage, means *unlettered*), there was no occasion for the few men who could make a dictionary to prepare one for the others.

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George Santayana's remark about the Greeks—that they were the only uneducated people in European history—has a double significance. The masses were, of course, uneducated, but even the learned few were not educated in the sense that they had to sit at the feet of foreign masters. Education, in that sense, begins with the Romans, who went to school to Greek pedagogues, and became cultivated through contact with Greek culture. It is not surprising, therefore, that the first dictionaries were glossaries of Homeric words. The earliest lexicon which is still extant is such a glossary, prepared by a Greek, Apollonius, in the fifth century of our era, obviously intended to help Romans read the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" of Homer, as well as other Greek literature which employed the Homeric vocabulary. Most of us today need similar glossaries to read Shakespeare well.

There were dictionaries in the Middle Ages—a famous Latin one by the Spaniard, Isidore of Seville, which was really a philosophical work, a sort of encyclopedia of worldly knowledge accomplished by discussions of the most important technical terms occurring in learned discourse. There were foreign-language dictionaries in the Renaissance (both Latin and Greek) made necessary by the fact that the *humane letters* which dominated the education of the period were from the ancient languages. Even when the vulgar tongues—English, French, or Italian—gradually displaced Latin as the language of learning, the pursuit of learning was still the privilege of the few. Under such circumstances, dictionaries were intended for a limited audience, mainly as an aid to reading the most worthy literature. In attempting to compile a standard dictionary, Dr. Johnson derived his norms from the usage of the best writers, on the theory that this would furnish a guide to others who tried to read them, or who tried to write as well.

We see, then, that from the beginning the educational motive dominated the making of dictionaries, though, as in the case of Dr. Johnson, and the work of the French and Italian Academies, there was also an interest in preserving the purity and order of the language. As against the latter interest, the Oxford English Dictionary, begun in 1857, was a new departure, in that it did not try to dictate the best usage, but rather to present an accurate historical record of every type of usage—the worst as well as the best, taken from popular as well as stylish writing. But this conflict between the mission of the

(*Continued on page* 18)

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Survey of a Sick World

IT'S THE GYPSY IN ME. By Konrad Bercovici. New York: Prentice-Hall. 1941. 337 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

THE title of this book may lead people to expect from it the somewhat exotic and mildly sentimental autobiography with which Mr. Bercovici begins his chronicle and to which he dutifully returns about one minute out of every hour; but in the balance of the hour he discusses the human and graphic social facts behind the disappointing society that now inhabits the political-minded parts of the world. A Rumanian pogrom introduced the author to some of the social defects of Europe almost in his infancy; the American immigrant systems taught him something about the home of the free. The natural outlet was in the "radical" groups, which, by virtue of hypocrisies twice compounded, proved to be a little worse than royalists or dictators and on the average much worse than democrats.

The exciting and unique materials, however, are Bercovici's sketches of the great and the common people of France, Germany, England, America, the Balkans, Italy, Russia, as he was able to meet them as an artist, cosmopolite, Tzigane—one of an occasionally useful small kind of free-masonry, distinguished by mobility rather than numbers—and general *enfant terrible* in one of the large sizes. The decadence of mid-Europe was called to his attention during a pogrom, when his father was beaten to death. Konrad was seriously hurt later by a mob, but he was robust and seems to have had some fun out of it. He had the pleasure of punching Abetz in the nose when that luscious creature was preparing the collapse of France as a guest of the country.

His pictures of moral incontinence in Europe are not pretty, either in the intellectual or physical aspects, but he reiterates that the prologue to sadism is superiority and so the Germans feel that they must be conquerors; and their statement that war is the natural state of a German is very probably true. That was the natural state of the Sioux in America, but subcellar propaganda has made America indifferent to European Sioux, who have postponed invasion of America for the same reason that the Sioux deferred war on the fat, agricultural Algonquins, after a premature attempt and amazing debacle, when the farmer-Indians proved to be mortally healthy.

Everywhere he went in Europe Bercovici found things at odds—Germans leading the idealists; local Mothers of America throwing tomatoes; infantile students crying for peace at any price as long as they could be secretaries and have their names in the paper; Lindberghs, Wheelers, Buchmanites, Cliveden sets, Lewises—every sort of freak performer who could use an ideal to distract softbrains from the fact that recitations are no defense against tooth and claw.

Almost nowhere did Bercovici find these tactics more successful than in America, when he returned after his interviews with the German leaders, French defeatists, hopeless Balkan apostles of *laissez-faire,* men of helpless Spain. That the infiltration of passivist—and pacifist—doctrine was not more successful here was due to the fact that Germany believed *again* that America was inarticulate, inert, sub-barbarian, and negligible. Goebbels said bluntly that it was enslimed in the byproduct of its own barnyards; Goering put it more simply in one word. Germany has used only secondary softening tactics on a country already soft enough.

The author was somewhat taken by Kemal Pasha, enormous eater and drinker, enormous sensualist in every way, but invariably practical.

Kemal said, "How much wheat does the United States raise?"

The author didn't know, but said he could find it in an almanac, which was the right answer.

"Within a million bushels?"

"No."

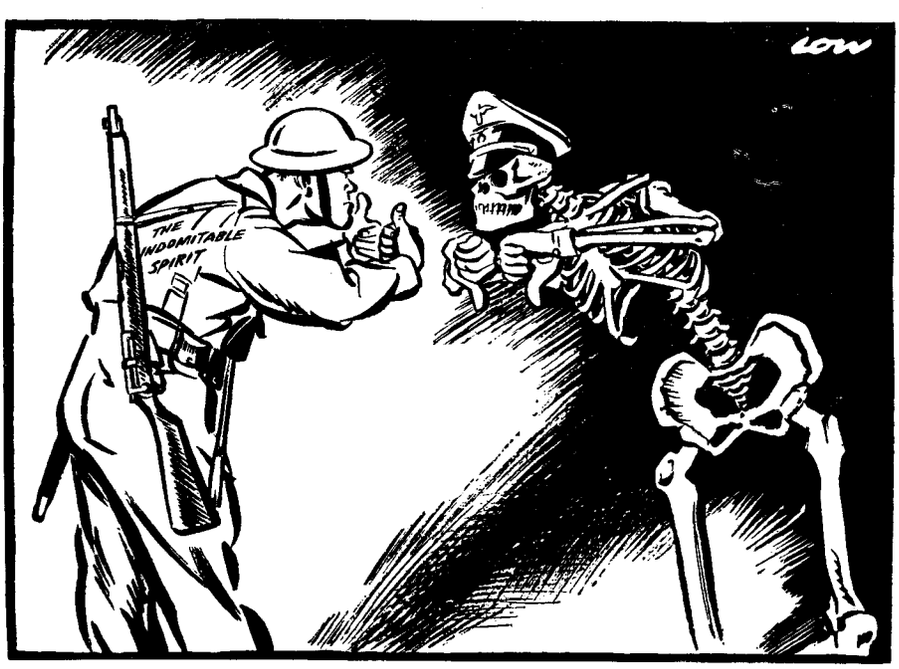
That was the wrong answer. He could have said, not within a hundred million, since the yearly variation usually exceeds that. Kemal Pasha could not have guessed his army to one-tenth of one per cent., which was what he was asking of the interviewer in regard to this country's wheat. Even the Turk did not know that his country was smaller than California and less productive naturally than Texas and Iowa, and had less than the population of New York and North Carolina.

The proposition that will cause some discussion in the extreme American Left is Bercovici's evidence that Russia helped the Nazis into power as a coldly practical device—the author suggests, to disorder Europe for an eventual Soviet conquest. The circumstance is reasonably certain, since "communism" is always "international," but the purpose is debatable. The amazing Russian defense gives some material evidence that Stalin knew the Germans about as well as Bercovici did, and made a frantic and magnificent preparation for the efforts now ensuing against historical barbarism.

Mr. Bercovici, his survey discloses, thinks highly of America, which has thought highly of him.

Presidential Royalties

Royalties gained from the publication of "The Public Papers and Addresses of Franklin Delano Roosevelt" are to be turned over, after income tax and other expenses have been deducted, to the Franklin D. Roosevelt Library at Hyde Park, now owned by the government, to be used by them as a publication fund.



—From "Low on the War."

Looking him in the eye.

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"The Roving Reporter"

SENSATION FAIR. By Egon Erwin Kisch. New York: Modern Age Books. 1941. 376 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by HENRY B. KRANZ

IN Europe, Egon Erwin Kisch was widely known for his sharpwitted books of reportage, for his realistic novels of the underworld of Prague, for his lively criminalistic studies, and especially for his brilliant travelbooks. One of them, "The Roving Reporter," made this Austrian author famous, and wherever he, "the Roving Reporter," went, to Russia, to China, to America, to Australia, he was sure to be recognized.

Now he has found a haven in Mexico, and he has stopped to look back on his childhood, on his first steps in journalism, and his bitter and humorous experiences before and after the first World War. The result is a number of magnificent and full-packed stories, for Kisch knows how to relate a funny anecdote as well as an exciting encounter with an Archduke or a prostitute.

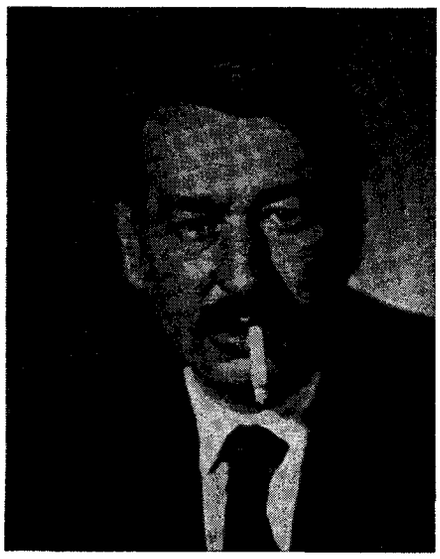
A strange form of curiosity became the turning point of his life.

> I cannot bear to ride in a streetcar and not to find out what book the gentleman in the diagonally opposite corner is reading. I follow people block after block until I know what foreign language they are speaking. I peep into windows where I have no business peeping. I read off all the names on the directory when I go visiting anyone. Strange street names compel me to discover how they got that way. Garrets and bundles of old papers fascinate me. No sign can be quite so inviting to me as an Entrance Forbidden sign, and no goad to research so sharp as a well kept secret.

No wonder that Egon Kisch was quickly attracted by crime reporting. His name became connected with most of the famous crime cases and spy stories of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Many of them were even uncovered by him. Sometimes it was his curiosity, often sheer luck or a sixth sense for the hidden truth, that brought results which the police of Europe had failed to obtain. His crisp, tense, and sarcastic style soon was a model for young reporters of all left-wing German newspapers. But his humor, always mixed with a grotesque sadness, heritage of his native half-medieval Prague, could not be imitated.

In "Sensation Fair" the reader will find all the outstanding qualities of this master-reporter's pen. He will read how Kisch scooped the suicide of Colonel Redl, Chief of Staff of the Prague Army Corps—and spy in the Russian service. He will look deep down into the heart of the Hapsburg-Austria when princes, journalists, and streetgirls formed one single, degenerate family. He will be amused by witty descriptions of life in coffee houses, military barracks, police headquarters, and red-light districts. And he will laugh heartily when Kisch denies being the father of the child born to Rosa, one of the Siamese Sisters Blazek. And this despite a paper which at that time reported: "The general opinion is that the newborn son of the Blazeks will be baptized with the name of Egon."

When the Nazis came to power, in 1933, the author's books were burned in an auto-da-fé. But this did not prevent a young Nazi writer from plagiarizing a story by Kisch which promptly was awarded a thousand-mark prize. However, the Schwarze Korps, organ for the Elite Guard, discovered the source of this prize-winning story. Mr. Kisch concludes his amusing report of this incident: "After such a pitiful end to their vaunted prize-contest, all efforts to create a Nazi literature were abandoned."



Egon Erwin Kisch

"Sensation Fair" should find many readers in a country which appreciates highly outstanding literary reportage, sharp wit, colorful style, and an untiring eagerness for human-interest material.

Mr. Endore's translation can be praised without restriction.

Frontier Fighting

INDIAN-FIGHTING ARMY. By Fairfax Downey. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1941. 329 *pp., index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by STANLEY VESTAL

THIS is the colorful story of the army which fought the Indians on the Western frontier from the close of the Civil War until the last organized resistance was broken shortly before the turn of the century. The author, who has himself seen service with United States troops, is the son and grandson of army officers whose names inevitably crop up here and there in the book. The story is told, appropriately enough, from the army point of view, and though Mr. Downey is fair and even sympathetic with the Indians, he tells the tale as the army has always told it. So told, it makes all the better reading—an epic story of hard-riding, hard-fighting soldiers.

The army was always outnumbered, understaffed, ill-equipped, and often enough underpaid for months at a time. But there was no lack of morale among the fighters who manned that scattered, overworked force. They had to police half a continent. Most of the men were veterans of the Civil War and led by veteran officers. They were matched against warriors whom all authorities have rated as the finest horsemen in the world, Indians as brave as any men who ever forked a horse. Generals Sherman, Sheridan, Miles, Custer, and Crook met their equals in craft and courage when engaging such great Indian captains as Chief Joseph, Sitting Bull, and Geronimo.

The book covers all the principal campaigns with the Sioux, Cheyenne, Apache, Nez Percé, Modoc, Bannack, Comanche, and Kiowa. All the heroic battlefields figure here: Beecher Island, Platte Bridge, The Wagon-Box Fight, and the "Massacre" at Fort Phil Kearny, The Battle of the Washita, the Rosebud Fight, Custer's Last Stand.

The author is not severely critical of his sources, and brings in the old legends as well as the established facts. He tells the tale vividly. He has a gift of phrase, and strikes out some lively expression on every page. This is perhaps the most readable book covering the whole story of the Indian wars now in print.

It is handsomely illustrated with more than forty reproductions of pictures by the best frontier artists, Frederic Remington, Charles Schreyvogel, and R. F. Zogbaum.

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At Sea with Charlie Bradburn

THE SEA AND THE SHORE. By Jacland Marmur. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1941. 328 *pp.* $2.75.

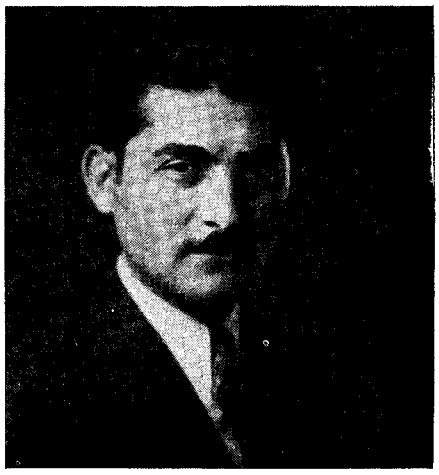
Reviewed by BESS JONES

IF you don't know a winch drum from a hawser or stern from bow, if you turn slightly green at the word mizzenmast and have felt uncertain of your lunch on the Cape Cod Canal, you are apt to open any half-nautical novel with a certain queasiness. If, however, for almost the first time you find yourself having a better time on sea than on shore, you are bound to admire any writer who can bring about such a change. When Mr. Marmur sends you voyaging with his upstanding young Charlie Bradburn or even with the successful Shipmaster Bradburn, he is assured and cleancut. His prose becomes firmer, his pictorial skill, evident throughout, assumes sharper focus, and all uncertainty leaves him. He cleverly manages, besides, to recapture the old adventurousness of the sea without falsely romanticizing it. Unquestionably he belongs on it.

On land Mr. Marmur seems restless, fuzzy, and sentimental. The main issue is a kind of contest between the will of Galeta, Bradburn's wife, to achieve spiritual independence and her husband's certainty that he knew where it was to be found. They had known each other always, they were in love, they accepted sex frankly and joyfully, and everything seemed to be going very well. Only Galeta was disturbed, thought she had better find her soul without bonds, and for no good reason got a divorce even before her child was born. Bradburn, baffled by all these complexities, let her do what she was determined to do anyway, refused to harbor martyrdom, and carried his own professional and personal successes with quiet dignity.

Women were certainly staging the Nora act in large numbers at the end of the last war, and emancipation was something you heard a lot about. But surely it was more convincingly motivated than Galeta's action in this novel. The truth is that, however much Mr. Marmur tries to make Galeta the new woman, candid, honest, incapable of intrigue, she remains a dreadfully selfish woman who victimizes her husband, her lovers, and her child, and who should have been exposed relentlessly rather than admired. It takes her twenty years, during which she has robbed Bradburn of a home and a son, and her son of his father, to discover something anyone so wise and true should have known from the beginning—that you do not play fast and loose with the deepest human relationships in order to win your own integrity.

Galeta's Polish family and their dusty little store in Brooklyn are presented sympathetically, simply, and with very little of the false sentimentality surrounding the suicide of the frustrated young Jew in love with her. Mr. Marmur also handles with adequacy, if not with brilliance, the passage of time, and the changes in both private lives and general affairs. One of his most dramatic episodes, indeed, is the attack on an American ship in Shanghai, in which Bradburn's only son is killed. In the main, however, the novelist's great strength lies in his knowledge of the sea and his respect for the men who sail it. His Bradburns are worth any dozen Galetas, and the portions dealing with life aboard ship better than any six gentle domestic scenes which almost anyone could write.



Jacland Marmur

Oliver St. John Gogarty

Buck Mulligan's Irish Mirror

MAD GRANDEUR. By Oliver St. John Gogarty. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1941. 438 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

THIS long, desultory, old-fashioned story is about the Ireland of that loud-voiced, swaggering company of blades and blackguards that can be read of in Buck Whaley's life. As the author is a poet, who has been always a true Irishman, we have also the music, no less noisy and more savage, of the starved and oppressed in town and country. Other novels have been written of that time of hope and despair when the oppressed, heartened by help from revolutionary France, rose in Wexford and Waterford, Killala and Castlebar. I would not say that Dr. Gogarty's "Mad Grandeur" is better in every way than its predecessors; but it excels in one thing: it is a story of stunning episodes, vividly seen and splendidly told. From the prize-fight at the opening to the terrible hanging of the rebels towards the close, from the great race at the Curragh to the holding-up of Tiger Roche by Larry the Highwayman, the story moves one to pity, disgust, amusement, admiration. One scene, that of Sir Richard's duel, might have been conceived and written by Charles Lever.

The Celt, whether he be Welsh or Irish, has a solitariness in his heart which makes him seek out boisterous, violent gatherings: such company is a compensation, and provokes an inner superiority. Dr. Gogarty is attractive as an author largely because he not only shows his people indulging in this habit of superficial comradeship, but also suggests the sadness and solitariness which drives the Celt to excesses. Scenes of wild and brutal gaiety, the thick-packed contiguity of these people, serve only to emphasize each one's dreadful exclusiveness. Dr. Gogarty's Irish men and women have culture, charm, politeness, arrogance, insolence; but they are uncivilized, and the French emigrés among them are puzzled and at moments distressed by this lack of civilization in a people so hospitable and so courteous.

Dr. Gogarty the poet is in evidence again and again throughout these pages, especially in the nostalgic descriptions of that lovely, rain-washed countryside which holds and torments the hearts of all who have ever been in true contact with Ireland.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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WAR

The *Saturday Review* goes to press at the moment when the United States has taken up the war challenge of Japan. A magazine devoted to the encouragement and interpretation of American literature has its duties and responsibilities, too, in the months or years to come of the struggle against the forces that are trying to extinguish the meaning of America from the world. We will fight against every symptom and manifestation of fascist thought, and try, as best we can, to do the job of chronicling and evaluating the development of an intrinsically American culture, with emphasis upon our literature—the literature born not only out of the events and issues of the day, but out of the lasting purposes and goals of a free people.

PAID PUBLISHING

THE recent indictment of Carlo M. Flumiani, president of the book-publishing house, Fortuny Publishers, Inc., brings up once more the dilemma of an author, willing to pay to have his work published, who falls into the hands of a publisher who misleads him as to the value of his book, overcharges for printing it, and makes promises to promote and distribute it that can never be fulfilled. The courts have decided in the past that this is a dishonest practice, and publishers have been fined or have gone to jail for it. It has come to be known as "vanity publishing."

Nevertheless, there is no reason why a writer, who has completed a manuscript that has merit, but who is unable to find a publisher willing to risk his capital in bringing it out, should not suggest to any reputable publishing house that he himself will subsidize his book and guarantee the publisher against losses. In this case the book is then listed in the publisher's regular catalogue and is sold, distributed to the press, and to the best of the publisher's ability, promoted by advertising. A typical agreement of this sort between publisher and author may provide that the author's investment in his own book is to be repaid, if the venture is successful, by a high royalty on copies sold until the author has his money back, when it is reduced to the normal royalty. Provided that the book is not beneath the standard of the publisher's ordinary production, this is a legitimate business arrangement, and a writer should not hesitate to make it if he is confident of the value of his manuscript and of the probity of his publisher. But this type of publishing should be confined to non-fiction and to volumes of verse, for poetry is today extraordinarily difficult to publish with any hope of profit. It should be obvious that any novel that has been refused by a dozen or more representative publishers had better be buried in the author's trunk.

There is, as a matter of fact, a great amount of highly valuable subsidized publishing at all times that cannot be catalogued under the heading of "vanity publishing." The university and college presses, for example, are subsidized, and while many of their books are successful and profitable, it is expected that they should produce useful and scholarly books whether profitable or not. Then there are the scientific and technical books in all fields, on which the return in income is too small or too slow to interest the commercial publisher, and other books on which the initial investment is too high to contemplate. The Guggenheim Foundation subsidizes writers; the Sage, the Rockefeller, the Carnegie Foundations are responsible for subsidized books. Without these subsidies of one kind or another our intellectual, scientific, and scholarly life would be half-starved.

H. S.

Lineage

By William Rose Benét

MY ancestor who asked for his dismission
when a strict Presbytery spent its time
debating rather than ordaining him
who had in Pittsburgh preached, remained no less
a gospel minister without a church
and soon espoused the law, later became
a Cornet of the Pittsburgh Light Dragoons,
knew Spanish dollars well from picayunes,
and where lay fortune—and, boarding a keel-boat, sailed
down the Ohio and, eighteen hundred miles
in all, down Mississippi (meeting Creeks,
Choctaws and Chickasaws and Cherokees)
into the Territory newly erected
and the city of Natchez. There he practised law
and died of yellow fever, trying to win,
for wife and infants he had left behind,
another start in life; but sadly wrote
". . . that my Executor communicate
sentiments of the highest respect now due
my wife from me who have unfortunately
been the cause of her misfortune . . ."
Both of them
had come of wealthy stock and large estates
but ended poorly, and both he and she
died nearly ten years younger than the age
at which I write; and yet a son they left
sired a well-loved grandmother of mine
who bore her share of life's vicissitudes
and was my Mother's mother . . .
So sometimes
out of that distant eighteenth century ending
when in regret upon his pallet lying
in early Natchez, with the darkness growing,
my ancestor rehearsed a life's defeats,
all seems dissolved not even to faint reproach
from his wife Anne and children dearly loved,
and one accords a faint affectionate smile
to his recorded sentiments, and I
to my far forebear in the wilderness—
borne on the great flood of the Father of Waters
from solemn jowls and rather nasal prayers—
breathe "Peace!" and wonder if the time may come
for me when, in their turn, my own mistakes
may seem as quaint?
'Tis said her charities
were widely praised. I only know she bore
one son renowned for wit and eloquence
and one whose daughter handed down to me
delights of childhood that now illumine age!

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The P.E.N. Club

SIR:—With reference to your editorial of November 15th, 1941 on the P.E.N. Club, may I say that the members of the American P.E.N. Club will probably agree that there has been too much controversy over "inconsequentials" in the internal affairs of the International P.E.N. Club. However, it should be noted that the American P.E.N. Club and Mr. Robert Nathan, the president, have acted as intermediary in this matter; their whole purpose being to clear up internal difficulties for which they were not responsible and to make it possible for the International P.E.N. Club, now of far greater importance and significance than ever before, to throw its whole energies into a consideration of vital literary, cultural, and international problems.

HENRY S. CANBY.

New York, N. Y.

In Re "Rebecca"

SIR:—In your excellent discussion of literary coincidence (in re Miss Du Maurier and Señorita Nabuco) you might have mentioned a novel which has always seemed to me the most brilliant and savage treatment of the psychic problem of the Second Wife. A philologian would call it, I dare say, vinculated matrimony. I refer to "Vera," by Elizabeth, Countess Russell, published in 1921. When a theme is so obvious and universal, "plagiarism" is practically impossible.

It was ingeniously said by Doubleday, Page & Co., when they published "Vera," that it was so "devastating" no man should be allowed to read it. Try it anyhow and see how wonderfully brimstone mixes with ink.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

New York City.

Dr. Watson and Mr. Doyle

SIR:—Mary Stewart must not blame Dr. Watson for the contradictory statements about Mrs. Watson's mother in the American texts of "The Sign of the Four" and "The Five Orange Pips." The fault lies at the door of one Mr. Doyle, who had something to do, for better or for worse, with the editing of the good doctor's writings.

"The Five Orange Pips," as originally published in *The Strand Magazine,* did actually contain a reference to the orphaned Mrs. Watson's being on a visit to her "mother's." Dr. Watson, of course, called Mr. Doyle's attention to this slip of editing, and the passage was corrected, when the "Adventures" were published in book form in England, to read "on a visit to her *aunt's.*" The John Murray (English) omnibus volume also follows this text. But Mr. Doyle forgot to inform the American publishers of the change, and both the collected "Adventures" and the Doubleday omnibus perpetuate the error down to this day—as they do many others of a like nature.

EDGAR W. SMITH.

Buttons, B. S. I.

"Good Lord, I've killed him!"

Emersonian Thief

We have received a number of letters answering the query of Mr. W. F. Ottarson (*SRL,* November 1st) as to where in Shakespeare he could find the line "the thief steals most from himself." Four of our readers—M. Gertrude Neal, H. Palmer, Grace Brecht, and Mrs. Henry D. Holmes—have pointed out that

> The robb'd that smiles steals something from the thief;
> He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.

from Shakespeare's "Othello" Act I, Scene 3, lines 208-209, may have been in Mr. Ottarson's mind. Elizabeth M. Bradley found the same quotation through "Bartlett."

We admit that Mr. Ottarson's line has a Shakespearian ring to it, yet Arthur E. Bestor, Jr., Assistant Professor of History at Teacher's College, Columbia University, here in New York, seems quite positive in his identification. He writes "The sentence 'The thief steals from himself' occurs in Ralph Waldo Emerson's essay on 'Compensation' in his 'Essays, First Series.'"

THE EDITORS.

Elmer Davis on Huxley

SIR:—On October 26th you printed Aldous Huxley's review of F. M. Alexander's latest book. The discovery which this book describes—if it is a fact and if it is practicable—will revolutionize education and medicine. Yet the only correspondence you have printed which was drawn forth by that review is a letter from Elmer Davis containing nothing but two or three moderately successful wise cracks. I would like to make an appeal for an opinion from some one of your readers who, in addition to being as profound a thinker as Elmer Davis, has also read the book Huxley was reviewing.

R. M. GUMMERE, JR.

Boston, Mass.

Whose Storm Is It?

SIR:—Can any of your readers help me to identify the following passage, which I think is from one of Dickens's works, but am not certain. It is a description of a severe storm, and the author vividly describes the "fall of houses in the town." In one part he writes "if such a mind could rise, it was rising," and in another, "'It's a dark night,' said the Cricket, 'and the rotten leaves are lying by the way.'"

ELSIE BRIGGS.

Boston, Mass.

From Brother to Brother

SIR:—It has been a happy privilege in these days of bitterness to read "My Brother Steve" by William Rose Benét—a generous tribute from brother to brother. Thank you.

MARION F. OVERTON.

Flushing, New York.

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American Prophet

AMERICAN GIANT: Walt Whitman and His Times. By Frances Winwar. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1941. 341 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by CLIFTON JOSEPH FURNESS

"I GREET you at the beginning of a great career," said Emerson to Walt Whitman. These fateful words might herald Frances Winwar's evocation of the spirit of Walt Whitman, "American Giant." It stands first on the "must" list of this year's historical reading. Though not so much a biography as a pageant of America seen through the eyes of Whitman, and Winwar, it is indispensable to the Whitman library. She conjures up the past magically. Compared with this, her previous books are shoddy, with the possible exception of "Oscar Wilde and the Yellow Nineties." Unlike most prize-winners and successful formula-writers, she knows how to grow. The author soars no middle flight, her wings have been scorched by the sun, yet she comes safely home.

In its drive, Miss Winwar's work, though lacking in intellectual integrity, is akin to genius. The light of her fidelity to the inner spirit shines through in spite of frequent palpable errors. Her spontaneity counterbalances her inadequate research. Here is the truth of the imagination, not literal truth. She is romantically inaccurate, for instance, in ascribing Whitman's illness to "the poisoned cut in his hand got while helping the surgeon to amputate a gangrened limb." As a matter of fact, the cut that caused infection, leading finally to paralysis, was received from a less picturesque source. Mrs. W. D. O'Connor, who helped Whitman with his work in the hospitals, tells the true story in an unpublished manuscript: "The beginning of his illness: he was with the soldiers at Washington, and while cutting a can open he cut an artery, and he continued to visit the soldiers in that ward, where there was a great deal of gangrene and the wound became poisoned, and the doctor advised him to keep away from that ward till he recovered." Yet intuitively Miss Winwar hit on the truth, for in essence he sacrificed his health for the soldiers, even though his fatal injury came not from a surgeon's knife, but from a prosaic can-opener!

The vitality of her imagination, fired by indefatigable emotion, spurs her to utterances of an inspired seer. Like Joan of Arc she seems to hear voices—angelic, rather than daemonic—that lead her to believe only the best in everybody, including Walt

Frances Winwar

Whitman. And who is to say that believing in basic virtues is false idealism? It is refreshing in these days of blasé muckraking to find in our reading some note of faith in humanity. Here is a striking example. To lift Whitman above the imputations of John Addington Symonds, Miss Winwar invents a pretty story of one brief incandescent romance with a woman in New Orleans. Her naive assumption that Whitman's tintype photograph of a young woman was taken in New Orleans in 1848 is easily disproved. Yet the fundamental impression of Whitman's character created by Miss Winwar's fantasy is sane and true—that Whitman was a pretty good sort, not merely a *gourmet* in sexuality, but that most of his love experience was in the true sense platonic.

After all, what do technical errors matter in a book meant not for scholars, but for the lay reader, the "divine average" American, whom Whitman, like Lincoln and Barnum, tried to serve? Miss Winwar has succeeded in her effort to "shave the whiskers off of the 'Good Gray Poet'," revealing the human, all too human, features that have been long buried under pious herbage.

Inevitably, along with all its allurements, "American Giant" possesses largely the defects of its outstanding quality of humanness. It sacrifices accuracy for story interest, as in the purposeful distortion of the New Orleans episode. We must agree with Harrison S. Morris, a friend of Whitman who really understood him through personal contact: "This is no time to publish a book on Walt unless you fill it with glances behind your hand at his alleged ladies, and even other sexualities." Miss Winwar's *Whitman* is a novelist's treatment of Walt with all the drama possible.

Henry W. Nevinson

By R. Ellis Roberts

HENRY WOOD NEVINSON, who died in England just before his eighty-fifth birthday, was one of the great journalists of our day. He was poet, short-story writer, essayist, reformer, enthusiast. One compares him to such men as his slightly younger contemporary Robert Cuningham Grahame, or, in this country, to that gallant advocate of reason, poetry, and the good life, Charles Erskine Scott Wood. Most people knew best Nevinson's work as a correspondent. He saw war and revolution in Greece, Russia, Africa, Europe. He wrote, too, of old wars and old revolutions, ever faithful to his conviction that at long last truth and the better cause would triumph.

A tall, strikingly handsome man, Nevinson was one of the most popular men in London. Popular especially with his colleagues. In between wars he was literary editor and contributor to more than one London paper; his best years at this were with the *Daily Chronicle* and *The Nation,* and such men as John Masefield, H. M. Tomlinson, and E. C. Bentley owed much to his encouragement.

Whenever there was injustice, you would find Nevinson fighting it—helping E. D. Morel in the Congo, helping nationalists in India, helping revolutionists in Russia.

Unfortunately his great variety of activities obscured his position as an artist. In a book, "Between the Acts," published nearly forty years ago he wrote some of the best stories of our time. One "A Don's Day," deserves a place in any anthology of writing about Oxford. Another book, "Essays in Freedom," contains some of the noblest political writing of our day. The book which will certainly secure him a niche in any history of post-Victorian literature is his long—perhaps overlong — autobiography "Changes and Chances." It is an invaluable portrait of a man, a picture of a time, and a reflection of one of the most dynamic, if not the most pretentious, reform movements of his day — the movement roughly called Christian Socialist. Nevinson was himself a nostalgic agnostic; and he retained the greatest admiration and affection for men like Charles Gore and Henry Scott Holland. His very presence at a gathering was an inspiration to younger and idler men; he was always generous in his praise of others, and could advertise his friends with a pertinacity and skill which some of them wished he would devote to himself.

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The Western Plains

THE SHORT GRASS COUNTRY. By Stanley Vestal. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1941. 304 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

STANLEY VESTAL, of the University of Oklahoma, has written several books, good books, about the West, and this book about the short grass country is a fine job. The thing that the American people do not understand about their country is that just west of the Mississippi River the land slopes up from an altitude of five hundred feet to an altitude of five thousand feet before it reaches the Rocky Mountains.

"The short grass country" is the land found at an altitude from two thousand to five thousand feet in Northwestern Texas, Western Oklahoma, Western Kansas, Eastern Colorado, and Northern New Mexico. The short grass is known out there as buffalo grass. It occasionally is found in altitudes as low as a thousand feet, in buffalo wallows. In the last three decades of the old century, these buffalo wallows containing short, highly nutritious grass, were found even in the bluestem pastures of the prairies. But now the short grass grows naturally only in the higher altitudes. It is a grass on which cattle may graze all winter if the temperature does not drive them indoors. It is a highly nutritious grass. It is grown in a sandy soil.

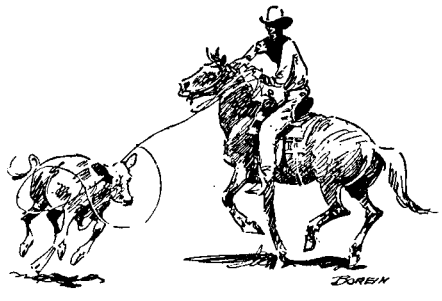
There again, where the sandy soil of the high plains meets the rich alluvial loam of the prairies is a distinction between the different ends of half a dozen states. The high plains are sandy. The prairies are alluvial loam. Another difference is found in the rainfall of the prairies and of the plains. Take Kansas: The rainfall of Western Kansas, as the altitude passes two thousand feet, is from one-half to one-third less than it is in Eastern Kansas where the altitude runs from two thousand feet down to seven or eight hundred.

These differences in altitude, in soil, in rainfall, make two different kinds of states, two different kinds of communities in one commonwealth. In the high plains of the short grass country, the ordinary size of the farm ranges from two hundred to two thousand acres. In the lower altitudes, a farm in Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas, Nebraska and the Dakotas runs anywhere from eighty to two hundred acres. Rarely are farms much larger in the land of the heavy rainfall and the alluvial soil. There the barnyard stockman raises a few cattle, perhaps has some dairy cattle, keeps pigs, chickens, turkeys, sheep and from half a dozen to fifty beef animals, probably Herefords. The farmer in the low countries lives on his farm. He raises corn, alfalfa, wheat, soybeans, a little flax sometimes, and a lot of sorghums. He stores his crops in bins and silos for the winter. He is still somewhat self-subsistent. He grows a little of what he eats.

But out further West on the great farms in the high plains, agriculture has become an industrial process. The discovery of wheat in the last decade of the nineteenth century transformed the short grass country into a one-crop country—wheat. There tractors plow the ground in the late summer for the sowing in early autumn, and the wheat crop lies there untouched until late May or June or early July, depending on whether the harvest is in Texas or Western Dakota. Then along comes the combine and cuts the whole crop and thrashes it in one operation. That kind of farming is nothing like the farming of the eastern ends of these Missouri Valley states. The farming of the short grass country produces another kind of farmer from the prairie farms. Often the western farmer does not live on his farm. Often he lives in the county seat village. Quite as often he may live in one of the larger towns in the eastern part of the state. If the short grass farmer does not grow wheat he runs cattle on his short grass pastures. It takes three acres to pasture a steer in Eastern Kansas, for instance, and ten or fifteen acres to pasture the same steer in Western Kansas.

All this and more is set down in Stanley Vestal's "Short Grass Country." He has told a story that every American should read if he wants to understand his country. The influence of climate upon man is seen nowhere in the United States so brightly illumined as it is in these states just east of the Rocky Mountains, where two kinds of civilization have been produced by differences in altitude which, in turn, have given us two kinds of soil, two degrees of rainfall, two kinds of towns, and, in a measure, two different kinds of people.

This book should be a "must" book for every class in American civilization in every college in the U. S.



Newport Saga

GOOD OLD SUMMER DAYS. By Richmond Barrett. New York: Appleton-Century Co. 1941. 338 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by FAIRFAX DOWNEY

NEWPORT, Narragansett Pier, Saratoga, Long Branch, and Bar Harbor are here chronicled. With Newport, Mr. Barrett really goes to town, if so inelegant an expression may be permitted in connection with that haunt of the élite. He knew it when. He was born and raised there and there he still dwells. In spite of or because of that, he writes about it with a nice balance. To him it is neither to be pitied nor scorned nor worshipped. He does his full duty by Newport as a social historian, neglecting neither the glamour nor the "dirt." His anecdotes are interesting, his character sketches deft.

The Newport saga sparkles with such good stories as that of the most devastating snub (it was to a divorcée) ever administered at the Casino; the revelries of the early tennis champions whose elbow trouble (acquired while hoisting 'em at the bar) interfered with their playing; the antics of Ward McAllister and Harry Lehr; the fate of Mrs. Goelet's gowns (they fell to a theatrical costumer and still see service on the boards). The epilogue is more than a touch grim. Not a few of the leaders of Society, after a succession of Newport seasons, became stone-deaf or died insane, which supports the suspicion of the hoi polloi that social eminence isn't worth the effort.

Narragansett Pier is scanted. Newporters didn't think much of it except as a playground for Newport gentlemen on the loose. The account of Bar Harbor lacks color and liveliness. Long Branch seems only to have been briefly prominent as a summer White House of Presidents Grant and Garfield. White Sulphur Springs, Virginia, draws an intriguing reference: "It was a regular practice in certain communities to 'make up a purse' for some well-born but poor girl and to send her off thus fortified to seek a husband at the great marriage mart of the Old White."

While this reviewer prefers Hugh Bradley's book on Saratoga and the revivification of that resort in Edna Ferber's latest novel, Mr. Barrett does not a little to supplement them with such neat allusions as that to the furniture of the renowned old hotels—"big connubial double beds . . . suggesting ancestral wedding nights."

Photographs and prints, while too few, are an addition.

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The "Harvest" Years

A GENERATION OF MATERIALISM. 1871-1900. By Carlton J. H. Hayes. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1941. 390 *pp., with index.* $3.75.

Reviewed by CRANE BRINTON

THE thirty years of European history which Professor Hayes treats, in this volume of the collaborative history of modern Europe edited by Professor W. L. Langer, are crowded and important years. They are years which cheap printing has filled with contemporary printed material, which the typewriter and modern bureaucratic methods in government and business have heaped with documentary material, and which the diligence of two generations of scholars has fairly swamped with secondary material of all sorts. The problems of selection and organization would be serious enough could the historian confine himself to Europe alone. But Professor Hayes has rightly judged that the history of Europe is in some senses in this period a history of the world, and he has therefore made the necessary excursions into America, the Far East, Africa—wherever an expanding Europe touched. Political history alone would tax the historian's powers of synthesis; but in accordance with the aim of the series and with his own conception of history, Professor Hayes has neglected no important phase of men's activities, has written social, economic, intellectual, cultural history—the "new history," in short.

Yet these almost endless materials have been mastered in a clear, condensed account which has flow and shape, which achieves generalizations without losing the flavor, the concreteness, which the historian must never sacrifice—or else he is no more than a sociologist. Professor Hayes sees these three decades as at once the harvest-time of nineteenth-century "ecumenical liberalism" and the seed-time of our present harvest of totalitarian dictatorship. The "sectarian liberals" who were almost everywhere in power as the seventies began, turned out in practice to care more for national glory and material goods than for the mutual tolerance and orderly compromise their liberal predecessors had sought to realize. Even before the turn of the century, they had been replaced by men who preached and practised a crude and heady mixture of power politics, economic nationalism, materialistic morality, and "social Darwinism." So brief a statement of his organizing principle does injustice to Professor Hayes's awareness of the complexities of human relations. As he fills in the details, his reconstitution of the period takes on a proper fullness and roundness. In particular, he manages to break down the tight compartments into which our habit of writing national histories forces us, and succeeds in integrating events in the neglected little corners of Europe with what went on in the more conspicuous centers.

A word of special praise must be given to the selective and critical bibliography which concludes the book. Nowhere is there a better guide through the maze of material on the late nineteenth century. Anyone who is attempting to understand the immediate background of the problems that confront us today will find first—and continuing—aid in these pages.

The impartiality and fair-mindedness which the historian must set as his goal are severely tested in writing about a period so near to us as this. Professor Hayes passes the test admirably. He has, of course, feelings that are engaged, and these he very straightforwardly makes clear in his preface. He cannot, in 1941, help feeling that the boundless energies and confidence of the men of the late nineteenth century do not make up for their manifold mistakes and failures; he cannot help feeling that they are responsible in part for our present plight, and cannot, therefore, help underscoring their mistakes and failures. But this is only to say that no one in 1941 can write about the years 1871-1900 as they will be written about in 2041. Perhaps, then, such words as Professor Hayes's description of Alfred Nobel, "whose materialism was beguilingly decorated with the lavender of humanitarianism and the lace of pacifism" will seem too harsh. Perhaps then it will seem unfair to mention Durkheim solely as one contributing to the "highest public worship" of the state, or to accuse the James Stephen who wrote "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity" of being convinced that civilization could be maintained "only by force." Durkheim was a serious sociologist whose whole work can help us understand what holds men together in society, and Stephen was an experienced lawyer and administrator who had learned that habit and sentiments, as well as force, help maintain civilization. But Professor Hayes does not often let his feelings about the "Generation of Materialism" lead to unfairness and over-simplification. And he has packed into a single volume an immense amount of information and good sense.

Crane Brinton, who is a member of the department of history of Harvard University, is the author, among other works, of "The Lives of Talleyrand" and "The Anatomy of Revolution."

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

THE FACE IS FAMILIAR . . . . .

But you may find it rather difficult to recall the names of the characters referred to in the well-known book titles listed below. Allowing 5 points for each one you can identify, a score of 60 is par, 70 is good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 14.

1. James M. Barrie: "The Little Minister."
2. Wilkie Collins: "The Woman in White."
3. Joseph Conrad: "The Nigger of the Narcissus."
4. James Fenimore Cooper: "The Last of the Mohicans."
5. Margaret Deland: "The Iron Woman."
6. Feodor Dostoievsky: "The Idiot."
7. Alexandre Dumas: "The Count of Monte Cristo."
8. Edward Eggleston: "The Hoosier Schoolmaster."
9. John Galsworthy: "The Man of Property."
10. John Fox, Jr.: "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come."
11. Oliver Goldsmith: "The Vicar of Wakefield."
12. Edward Everett Hale: "The Man without a Country."
13. Victor Hugo: "The Hunchback of Notre Dame."
14. Henrik Ibsen: "The Master Builder."
15. Washington Irving: "The Specter Bridegroom."
16. Rudyard Kipling: "The Man Who Would Be King."
17. Jack London: "The Sea Wolf."
18. Sir Walter Scott: "The Lady of the Lake."
19. William Shakespeare: "The Merchant of Venice."
20. Mark Twain: "The Connecticut Yankee."

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Penal Progress

WOMEN IN CRIME. By Florence Monahan. New York: Ives Washburn. 1941. 342 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by SANFORD BATES

MISS MONAHAN's book is an extremely readable, valuable, and timely volume. For two decades or more, the author has been a familiar figure in that small company of men and women who devote their lives to the difficult task of rehabilitating the criminal.

Amid repeated assurances that the prisons of the country have failed, in recent years we have begun to realize that a certain degree of success can be attained if there can be injected into the business of curing the criminal a sufficient amount of humanity, integrity, and intelligence. It is no insignificant statement that the most successful of all of our correctional institutions are those in which women are confined. This is not solely due to the fact that the gentler sex is less criminal or more amenable than the male of the species. It is more due, I am satisfied, to the greater devotion and intelligence of the women who guide the destinies of our women offenders.

The names of these women, including Jessie D. Hodder, Martha P. Falconer, Elizabeth Munger, Mary B. Harris, Edna Mahan, Miriam Van Waters, Franklyn Wilson, and Ruth Collins, will adorn one of the brightest pages in the history of society's efforts at reclamation. Florence Monahan tells their story, and hers.

Her experiences in Minnesota, in Illinois, and in California emphasize the surpassing difficulty of the type of work in which the woman penologist engages, and the infinite patience required to accomplish it; but the great challenge in Miss Monahan's story, to the men and women of this country who wish to preserve the progress that we have made in penal treatment, is contained in her description of the efforts which politicians made to unseat her in Illinois and California.

The publication of this book would be wholly justified if only to remind the public that there is always, lurking around the corner, in every great publicly-supported enterprise, the hungry jackals of "politics," who would despoil and devour if they were not held in leash. No progress can be made in the treatment of offenders, either men or women, until the public demands that such service be recognized as a professional career.

Our thanks should go to the author of "Women in Crime" for her courageous work towards this end.

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The Figures of Defense

THE ECONOMICS OF AMERICAN DEFENSE. By Seymour E. Harris. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 350 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by PETER F. DRUCKER

PROFESSOR HARRIS'S book comes closer to being an adequate treatment of the economic problems of defense in our time than any book hitherto published in the English language. And it represents a noticeable advance over all the other and earlier books on defense economics that have appeared in this country. For one, Professor Harris succeeds in conveying to the reader that defense economics are not just an adaptation of peace economics; he shows convincingly why modern war requires something fundamentally different in economic technique and economic thinking from modern peace. And his successful attempt to develop these new techniques and ideas out of established economic theory and experience is probably the most brilliant part of his book.

Secondly, Professor Harris sees defense economics as a whole; his book not only covers the entire field from priorities and price fixing to compulsory saving and rationing, but it also regards each of these measures as a part of an economic system with a proper function of its own and also with limitations of its own. Nowhere before has this reviewer seen so intelligent and intelligible a description of the interdependence of the various instruments of defense economic policy. If Professor Harris succeeds in convincing some of the people so busily engaged at present in promoting one or the other measure as an infallible remedy, that a proper defense economy depends upon the coördination of many different measures, his book will have been worthwhile.

Finally, "The Economics of American Defense" breathes a spirit of wise moderation and of judicious restraint which is rare in the discussion of defense economics. Professor Harris is not afraid of words. His discussion of the relative merits of taxation and borrowing should be compulsory reading for all the many people who try to determine the technical efficiency of an economic tool according to moral preferences.

In spite of its great qualities, however, the book is not the definitive text on defense economics for which we have been waiting. Though the greatest single advance toward a satisfactory study, Professor Harris's work is still a long way off from the goal. And unfortunately, the defects of the book will be more evident to the casual reader than its great qualities.

Least important of these shortcomings is the optimism which made Mr. Harris grossly underestimate the magnitude of the job we have to do. In fairness, it should be said that this is probably not due to any fault of the author, who simply mirrors the prevailing opinion of last spring when, according to internal evidence, much of the present book seems to have been written. Since then all of us have been forced to revise upward our estimates of the extent and duration of the defense emergency. And every reader should be able to make the same revision in Mr. Harris's text which he has made in his own thinking.

More important is Professor Harris's intentional and consistent refusal to consider the political and social implications of a defense economy. His is the book of an economic technician who knows how to do certain things but arrogates to himself no judgment as to what should be done. Unfortunately, this scholarly attitude defeats its own purpose; the basic problems of a defense economy are political problems, and the basic decisions political decisions. The problem of a defense economy is never how to produce, but always how to produce in such a manner that the economic measures will not disturb but strengthen national unity.

The greatest weakness of the work, however, lies in its presentation. Professor Harris has actually written two good books; by merging them into one he has greatly impaired the usefulness of both. His first book is a popular, forthright treatment of the basic problems of a defense economy for the layman—perhaps the most important job that could have been done today. His second book is a highly technical, very elaborate, and very detailed investigation of one facet of a defense economy: the fiscal problem; and this second book is written exclusively for the monetary technician and in a technician's language.

These weaknesses do not destroy, however, the real value of the work.

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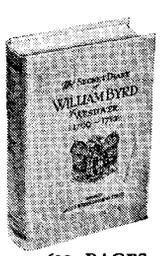

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Two Germanies

THE GERMANS: Double History of a Nation. By Emil Ludwig. Translated by Heinz and Ruth Norden. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1941. 496 *pp., index.* $4.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

EMIL LUDWIG, who in many quarters enjoys the reputation of being the greatest living biographer, now offers us what might have been his *magnum opus.* Everything in his career would seem to have singled him out as the ideal biographer of the German people as a whole. He has analyzed and synthesized the German character through a dozen of its outstanding exponents. He is gifted with sensitive insight, a restless, flickering style, and startling imagery—all present in his latest offering, but here they are used in an attempt to cover up the author's failure to grasp the essential spirit of his subject—the spirit of history.

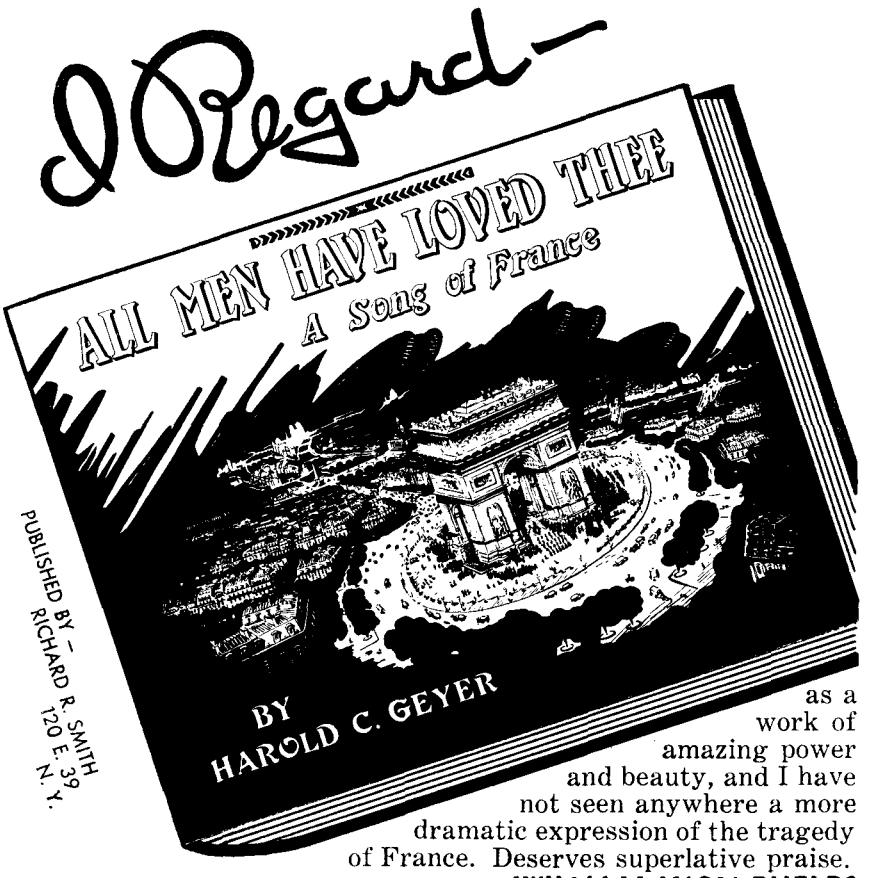
Ludwig's thesis is sophomorically simple: it is the "schism between power and spirit." How can the "nation of poets and thinkers," the cradle of Beethoven, Goethe, and Kant, have given rise to the monster, Hitler? Well, the Germans are profound and creative on the one hand, incredibly cruel and treacherous on the other; they have an unquenchable drive that urges them on in their quest for the infinite, and they have an everlasting sense of moral uncertainty. All this is perfectly true. But we have heard it before.

In portraying some incident, as, for example, Luther's encounter with Charles V, this "struggle between spirit and power" is exhibited in splendid colors indeed. But it never occurs to Ludwig to question whether this schism *is* essentially German. (Jacob Burckhardt, by the way, called the power "immoral per se.") Ludwig repeats his oversimplification time and again, and blows it up to a book that explains little about the Germans. Eager to show how curious, how different they are, he does not bother too much about the causes for that undeniable Teutonic uniqueness.

Ludwig's book must inevitably be judged as a historical work, and that is precisely where it falls short. It is all very well for the author to protest indifference to dates, battles, kings, which represent "the zenith of a trajectory, whereas the real points of interest are where the projectile is fired and where it strikes." But to write solely in terms of what one reads into the minds of individuals and groups of individuals is no acceptable substitute for scholarly analysis. Such admittedly lucid statements as, "The Germans aspired to lead the world and succeeded, at any rate, in leading the world's unrest" will not do.

There are flashes in this book—striking passages, and character sketches of Frederic Hohenstaufen, of Luther, of Matthias Grunewald, the mysterious painter, of William II—and its last hundred pages make excellent reading. But apart from his *leitmotif,* Ludwig neither asks the questions we might expect him to ask nor does he solve the "riddle" of the character of the focal European people, whose failure has been Europe's tragedy. And thus he comes perilously close to adopting the national character clichés—which, to use a charitable term, is unworthy of a man who wrote "Napoleon."

There is a definite need in this country for a book which will throw light on the historical reasons for the "black record of the German people" (to use Sir Robert Vansittart's expression). It is too bad Emil Ludwig does not live up to this task. Even the valiant efforts of the translators, who have done an excellent job, cannot gloss over this fact.



as a work of amazing power and beauty, and I have not seen anywhere a more dramatic expression of the tragedy of France. Deserves superlative praise.

A magnificent Christmas present." —WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

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Sportscope

THE AMERICAN SPORTING SCENE. By John Kieran. With pictures by Joseph W. Golinkin. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1941. 212 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by DOUGLAS C. FOX

A FIRST class sports-writer and a competent all-around-man with brush and pencil have joined forces to produce a handsome gift book. Mr. Kieran, of the *New York Times,* is nationally known for the encyclopaedic learning he airs weekly on Information Please. Mr. Golinkin, a Lieutenant Commander in the Navy, is equally well known to connoisseurs of contemporary sporting art. His pictures came to my attention some fifteen years ago when they began to appear in *Polo, The Sportsman, The New Yorker,* and *Vanity Fair.* More recently they have been on display in some of New York's commercial galleries.

These gentlemen have joined forces rather than collaborated, for only in the first chapter do Mr. Golinkin's excellent action sketches supplement Mr. Kieran's witty, anecdotal text. Elsewhere, the artist's picture of the Meadow Brook Fox Hounds leads one to hope for a chapter on hunting; his frontispiece of *Endeavour II* and *Ranger,* close-hauled and going great guns, whets one's appetite for yachting; his full-page water colors of The Nose Dive, Mount Mansfield, Race Day at New London, and International Field at Meadow Brook prepare one for stimulating stuff on skiing, rowing, and polo. In Mr. Kieran's text, however, there is no fox, no cup defender, no boat race, and no international match; only two paragraphs on skiing.

This lack of collaboration may be Mr. Kieran's fault, for in the introduction he is content not merely to state "that art and athletics have gone together since time when the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," but must prove this contention with talk of Greek marbles, Rembrandt's Golfer, Degas's race horses, and the sporting art of the Americans, Eakins, Bellows, and Mahonri Young. Faced with this competition, it is small wonder that Mr. Golinkin has chosen to go his own sweet decorative way.

Despite the fact that the pair often tend to pull in opposite directions, each has produced a clever and diverting piece of work. With the alliance between art and athletics safely established, Mr. Kieran starts off with a long and interesting chapter on our heavyweight champions, from John L. Sullivan to Joe E. Louis, who, Mr. Kieran thinks, is the greatest of them all. There follow seventeen pages on spring training, Ty Cobb, Hans Wagner, and the immortal Bambino; nine on His Imperial Highness of the Courts, William T. Tilden II; about fifty on horse-racing, including a memorable trip to Aintree for the Grand National with Paul Brown in 1935, and some pleasant stuff about harness hosses and the Hambletonian. Add some golf tales and the story of how Columbia beat Stanford in the Rose Bowl at Pasadena, and you just about have the book. Through it all you can hear Mr. Kieran chuckling as he pastes up the clever rhymes which appear in every chapter, and see Mr. Golinkin frowning as he weeds his works, pausing to see whether this drawing will reduce well or that water color lose in reproduction.

Most people will like "The American Sporting Scene." They will smile at the quiet humor of Mr. Kieran's reminiscences and they will enjoy the dash and color of Mr. Golinkin's pictures. In them the painter shows a versatility rare in a sporting artist.

A New Beard

Charles and Mary Beard are now at work on a fourth volume of their famous "The Rise of American Civilization," to be called "The Idea of Civilization in the United States: A Study of the American Spirit."

Notes on the Mousetrap Theory..

Published in June. No ballyhoo, no plushy advertising budget. But news of this book goes on spreading among discriminating readers and reviewers.

N. Y. Times' Edith Walton called it "as exciting and excellent a volume of short stories as I have come across in quite a while." Chicago News' Jessica North says, "Here is a book for the gourmets. When you have read one or two stories a sense of well being flows into your veins." James Gray: "There is insight and dignity and humor to all of the stories."

THE BLUE SASH

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Bridges of the Mind

FROM CRETIN TO GENIUS. By Serge Voronoff, New York: Alliance Book Corporation. 1941. 281 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by I. S. WECHSLER

THE title of the book is both misleading and sensational. Aside from the fact that cretinism is miles removed from genius, the author does not even discuss adequately the mental defectiveness resulting from absence of thyroid secretion, and merely drags in the subject as a foil to his speculations. He might just as well have referred to any number of congenital or acquired brain defects, and with more reason.

Nor are the ideas embodied in the book either novel or deep. Actually it consists of a superficial analysis of genius, with illustrations from the lives of great men. Unfortunately the author, although a scientist, is not too familiar, either with the structure or the function of the brain, or with much of modern neurophysiology and psychology. For instance, he speaks of the parietal lobe as being the language zone of the brain. Actually it is the temporal. He states that fifteen to twenty grams (225 to 300 grains) of caffein will stimulate the brain. Naturally, but the dose will knock out an elephant. The average dose is seven and a half grains.

The chapter on frustration of genius is of interest from the point of view of self-revelation. The author feels that his pioneer work met with the resistance which every great achievement has always encountered. The fact is that gland transplantation was not altogether novel when Mr. Voronoff came on the scene. Lydston in this country was an earlier pioneer.

The author evidently has read many biographies, and has done a lot of arm-chair thinking. A scientist is entitled to literary excursions, and may indulge in speculations, but he must not overdo it. For example, the author harps on the importance of chance in discoveries. It is true that chance often plays a role, but he fails to realize that only genius could seize the opportunity afforded by chance.

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Medicine and Destiny

THE ADVANCING FRONT OF MEDICINE. By George W. Gray. New York: Whittlesey House. 1941. 408 *pp., and index.* $3.

Reviewed by MABEL S. ULRICH

ABOUT a century ago little man created a new god and named him Modern Science. Here was surely the last word in gods—the God of Progress, no less. But today little man is frightened. For this nineteenth century god turns out to be a twin of the Roman Janus—the deity with the two heads, either of which he could put on at will to bring war and destruction or peace and "beginning." Today the gates are wide open, Janus wears his war head and horrors rise at a fantastic rate. What price science now? That question is one reason for reading Mr. Gray's book; for most of us sorely need the comfort of his vivid reminder that the other head has an army too, an army that fights to prolong life not destroy it, to conquer pain not countries, to wipe out pestilence not little children.

"The Advancing Front of Medicine" is another book on health and disease, but don't think for a minute it is "just another." A glance at the chapter heads may lead you to suspect that you have heard all this before. High blood pressure, influenza, allergy, sleep—have not popularizers galore explained them to us? Yes, but not as Mr. Gray does. Even when the facts are familiar—and most of them aren't—his presentation gives them new significance, weaves them into a coherent whole that suggests a fresh and stimulating conception of the body and its potentialities. Throughout his discussion he holds to the modern hypothesis that the health of the human being is determined by his chemical reactions plus the kind of a person he is—his aptitude, as Galen called it; that disease is not an entity, but rather a phenomenon of life, no more unnatural than health itself. In his first two chapters he develops this hypothesis. And thereafter the drama lies in the body's unrelaxing struggle to maintain an orderly chemistry, and modern medicine's search for a method or a drug to help it overcome disorganizing agents. "The role of medicine becomes clear. Its function is to restore the reciprocal relationship of organism and internal environment to a state of chemical equilibrium."

The medical front is a long one and it covers a wide area. Obviously it could not all be embraced in one book. In selecting his specific subjects Mr. Gray tells us that he had two aims. One was to include a few of the problems most representative of present-day medicine, the other to bring to the everyday man the latest news from the researchers of those common complaints and indulgences that concern almost all of us. Thus we find up-to-the-minute discussions of such matters as the role of the antianaemia factor in the rare blood diseases, the chemistry and action of sulphanilamide, and the manner in which the synthetic chemist rearranges the atom to make other sulpha drugs, the controversies regarding influenza and the viruses, the new and dramatic treatment of epilepsy and schizophrenia. But we are given, too, the latest views on blood pressure, smoking, drinking, sleeping, aging. In all there are twenty-seven chapters, each complete in itself, (nine have appeared in *Harper's Magazine*) each objective, lucid, and freshly interesting enough to hold the concentrated attention of informed readers no less than those who are usually content to leave health and disease to the doctors.

That a writer, not a scientist himself, can so successfully assemble, analyze, and relate scientific facts and theories is amazing enough. When this sort of reporting has the added virtue of clean, persuasive writing it becomes an art. Mr. Gray has no equal in this field. Read "The Advancing Front of Medicine." It may even restore your faith in little man's destiny.

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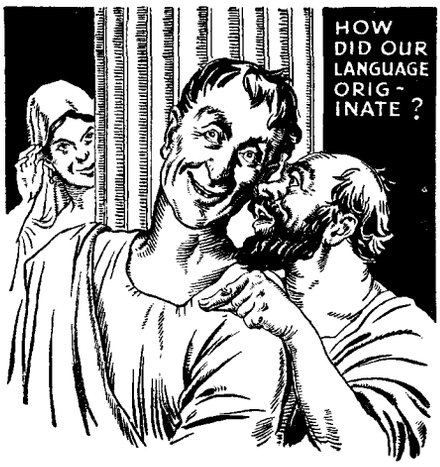

Anecdote

an unpublished tale

EVEN among the ancient Greeks there were two kinds of stories—those given out publicly and those known only privately. The latter kind was called *anekdotos*, literally meaning "not published." The word was formed by combining *a, an*, "not," and *ekdotos*, "given out." From this source comes our English *anecdote* which originally retained the Greek meaning "unpublished narrative." But tales of interesting things or people are so much sought after that now they are frequently given out for publication and the word *anecdote* has lost its original meaning.

This is but one of the thousands of interesting word origins given in "the Supreme Authority"—

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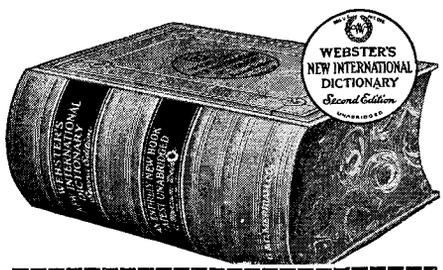

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HOW TO READ A DICTIONARY

(*Continued from page* 3)

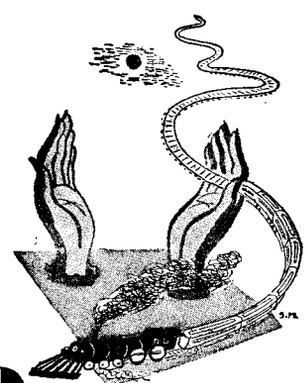
lexicographer as self-appointed arbiter and his function as historian can be regarded as a side-issue, for the dictionary, however constructed, is primarily an educational instrument. And the problem is whether that instrument is currently well used.

Our own Noah Webster is in a sense the hero of the story. Alarmed by the state into which learning had fallen after the Revolutionary War, Webster sought to make a one volume dictionary which would serve in the self-education of the semi-literate masses. He was concerned with the masses, not the elite, and with self-education, at a time when this country had not yet become democratic enough to regard the public education of all its children as a primary obligation of the state. The Webster dictionary was probably one of the first self-help books to become a popular best-seller. And the paradox is that now, with public education widely established in this country, with "literacy" as universal as suffrage, the self-help potentialities of a dictionary are seldom realized by the millions who own one. I am not thinking merely of children from progressive schools who cannot use a dictionary because they do not know the alphabet. I am thinking of all the products of contemporary education who, not being taught or inspired to read the great and difficult books, have little use for the dictionary. *How much better educated was the self-read man whom Webster helped!*

THIS brief history of dictionaries is revelant to the rules for reading and using them well. One of the first rules as to how to read a book is to know what sort of book it is. That means knowing what the author's intention was and what sort of thing you can expect to find in his work. If you look upon a dictionary merely as a spelling book or a guide to pronunciation, you will use it accordingly. If you realize that it contains a wealth of historical information, crystallized in the growth of language, you will pay attention, not merely to the variety of meanings which are listed under each word, but to their order.

And above all if you are interested in advancing your own education, you will use a dictionary according to its primary intention—as a help in reading books that might otherwise be too difficult because their vocabulary includes technical words, archaic words, literary allusions, or even familiar words used in now obsolete senses. The number of words in a man's vocabulary is as definite as the number of dollars he has in the bank; equally definite is the number of senses in which a man is able to use any given word. But there is this difference: a man cannot draw upon the public treasury when his bank-balance is overdrawn, but we can all draw upon the dictionary to get the coin we need to carry on the transaction of reading anything we want to read.

Let me be sure that I am not misunderstood. I am not saying that a dictionary is all you need in order to move anywhere in the realms of literature. There are many problems to be solved, in reading a book well, other than those arising from the author's vocabulary. And even with respect to vocabulary, the dictionary's primary service is on those occasions when you are confronted with a technical word or with a word that is wholly new to you—such as "costard" (an apple), or "hoatzin" (a South American bird), or "rabato" (a kind of flaring collar). More frequently the problem of interpretation arises because a relatively familiar word seems to be used in a strange sense. Here the dictionary will help, but it will not solve the problem. The dictionary may suggest



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the variety of senses in which the troublesome word can be used, but it can never determine how the author you are reading used it. That you must decide by wrestling with the context. More often than not, especially with distinguished writers, the word may be given a special, an almost unique, shade of meaning. The growth of your own vocabulary, in the important dimension of multiple meanings as well as in mere quantity of words, will depend, first of all, upon the character of the books you read, and secondly, upon the use you make of the dictionary as a guide. You will misuse it—you will stultify rather than enlighten yourself—if you substitute the dictionary for the exercise of your own interpretative judgment in reading.

This suggests several other rules as to how *not* to read a dictionary. There is no more irritating fellow than the man who tries to settle an argument about communism, or justice, or liberty, by quoting from Webster. Webster and all his fellow lexicographers may be respected as authorities on word-usage, but they are not the ultimate founts of wisdom. They are no Supreme Court to which we can appeal for a decision of those fundamental controversies which, despite the warnings of semanticists, get us involved with abstract words. It is well to remember that the dictionary's authority can, for obvious reasons, be surer in the field of concrete words, and even in the field of the abstract technical words of science, than it ever can be with respect to philosophical words. Yet these words are indispensable if we are going to talk, read, or write about the things that matter most.

Another negative rule is: Don't swallow the dictionary. Don't try to get word-rich quick, by memorizing a lot of fancy words whose meanings are unconnected with any actual experience. Merely verbal knowledge is almost worse than no knowledge at all. If learning consisted in nothing but knowing the meanings of words, we could abolish all our courses of study, and substitute the dictionary for every other sort of book. But no one except a pedant or a fool would regard it as profitable or wise to read the dictionary from cover to cover.

In short, don't forget that the dictionary is a book about words, not about things. It can tell you how men have used words, but it does not define the nature of the things the words name. A Scandinavian university undertook a "linguistic experiment" to prove that human arguments always reduce to verbal differences. Seven lawyers were given seven dictionary definitions of truth and asked to defend them. They soon forgot to stick to the "verbal meanings" they had been assigned, and became vehemently involved in defending or opposing certain fundamental views about the nature of truth. The experiment showed that discussions may start about the meanings of words, but that, when interest in the problem is aroused, they seldom end there. Men pass from words to things, from names to natures. The dictionary can start an argument, but only thought or research can end it.

IF we remember that a dictionary is a book about words, we can derive from that fact all the rules for reading a dictionary intelligently. Words can be looked at in four ways.

(1) *Words are physical things*—writable marks and speakable sounds. There must, therefore, be uniform ways of spelling and pronouncing them, though the uniformity is often spoiled by variations.

(2) *Words are parts of speech.* Each single word plays a grammatical role in the more complicated structure of a phrase or a sentence. According to the part it plays, we classify it as a certain part of speech—noun or verb, adjective or adverb, article or preposition. The same word can vary in different usages, shifting from one part of speech to another, as when we say "Man the boat" or "Take the jump." Another sort of grammatical variation in words arises from their inflection, but in a relatively uninflected language like English, we need pay attention only to the conjugation of the verb (infinitive, participle, past tense, etc.), the case of the noun (singular and plural), and the degree of the adjective (especially the comparative and superlative).

(3) *Words are signs.* They have meanings, not one but many. These meanings are related in various ways. Sometimes they shade from one into another; sometimes one word will have two or more sets of totally unrelated meanings. Through their meanings words are related to one another—as synonyms sharing in the same meaning even though they differ in its shading; or as antonyms through opposition or contrast of meanings. Furthermore, it is in their capacity as signs that we distinguish words as proper or common names (according as they name just one thing or many which

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are alike in some respect); and as concrete or abstract names (according as they point to some thing which we can sense, or refer to some aspect of things which we can understand by thought but not observe through our senses).

Finally, (4) *words are conventional.* They mean or signify natural things, but they themselves are not natural. They are man-made signs. That is why every word has a history, just as everything else man makes has a time and place of origin, and a cultural career, in which it goes through certain transformations. The history of words is given by their etymological derivation from original word-roots, prefixes, and suffixes; it includes the account of their physical change, both in spelling and pronunciation; it tells of their shifting meanings, and which among them are archaic and obsolete, which are current and regular, which are idiomatic, colloquial, or slang.

A good dictionary will answer all your questions about words under these four heads. The art of reading a dictionary (as any other book) consists in knowing what questions to ask about words and how to find the answers. I have suggested the questions. The dictionary itself tells you how to find the answers. In this respect, it is a perfect self-help book, because it tells you what to pay attention to and how to interpret the various abbreviations and symbols it uses in giving you the four varieties of information about words. Anyone who fails to consult the explanatory notes and the list of abbreviations at the beginning of a dictionary can blame only himself for not being able to read the dictionary well. Unfortunately, many people fail here, as in the case of other books, because they insist upon neglecting the prefatory matter—as if the author were just amusing himself by including it.

I think these suggestions about how to read, and how not to misuse, a dictionary are easy to follow. But like all other rules they will be followed well only by the man who is rightly motivated in the first place. And, in the last place, they will be wisely applied only by the man who remembers that we are both *free* and *bound* in all our dealing with language, whether as writers or readers.

"When I use a word," Humpty-Dumpty said in a rather scornful tone, "it means just what I choose it to mean—neither more nor less."

"The question is," said Alice, "whether you can make words mean so many different things."

"The question is," said Humpty-Dumpty, "which is to be master—that's all."

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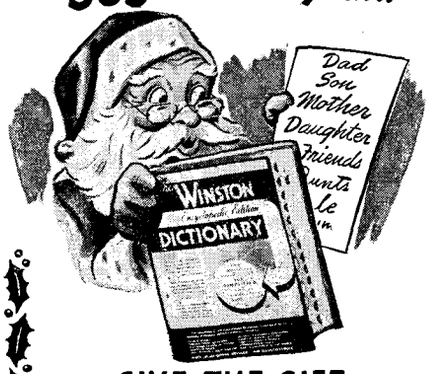

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Trembles across the wide unquiet sea.
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Speed on, glad star, and golden be thy flight,
Inviolable, serene, the waters o'er!
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. . . . . .
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The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
BAIT FOR A TIGER *Bayard Veiller* (Reynal & Hitchcock: $2.)	Series of knife murders in New York finally solved by police official. Killer threatens with professional ruination.	Bloodthirsty affair, peopled with stock characters who act and talk in tank-melo manner. Payoff rather cleverly handled.	Strident
THE VANISHING GOLD TRUCK *Harry Stephen Keeler* (Dutton: $2.50)	Loot from small-town Southern bank carried off in truck which disappears, puzzling doughty local sheriff no end.	Sticks to its last much better than most Keelerganzas and has some colorful circus bits in it—but woefully overwritten.	For Keeler fans
DOUBLE OR QUITS *A. A. Fair* (Morrow: $2.)	Donald Lam prys self into agency partnership with Bertha Cool and breaks obscure Cal. murder robbery and intrigue case.	Peppery dialogue, cunningly contrived plot, some very keen deducing, a raft of good characters, and action that races.	Class A
ENVIOUS CASCA *Georgette Heyer* (Crime Club: $2.)	English Christmas party of ravening relatives results in death and a job for detective Hemingway.	Too-ready-to-talk suspects give detective tough but interesting job for sleuth. Good writing, considerable erudition, and workable plot.	Good stuff
THE THIRD MYSTERY BOOK *Various* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.50)	Murders and villainy in Bermuda, Fla., North Carolina, London, Manhattan, and unlocated army post with variety of sleuths, amateur and pro.	Mesdames Eberhart and Ford, and Messrs. Gruber, Wyne, Frome, and Philips perform ably in group of expertly plotted "novellas."	Six star turn

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TRADE WINDS

WHERE are the newspapermen of yesterday? Where is that disillusioned reporter with the battered soft hat and the inevitable copy of the *American Mercury* in his pocket? Offhand, we don't think there were many of those "Front Page" boys in the first place, and if there were one or two, they're probably punching their typewriters wherever good reporters go when they die. The men who write the news today are the men who are writing many of our best-sellers.

★ ★

☞At the moment, while the radio is barking out the incredible news of the Japanese attack, we thumb through the publishers' catalogues and are grateful for the astonishing amount of literature available on background material in relation to the Far Eastern crisis, and on international affairs. These books are mostly written by your American newspapermen. Offhand, we think immediately of Wilfred Fleischer's "Volcanic Isle" which deals with the present problem at hand. Here is a book about Japan which is timely, informative, and gives several sketches of Japan's leading political figures. High on the list, too, is Robert Aura Smith's "Our Future in Asia," which, if it had been published this Fall instead of last, would have been the book scoop of the year. John Gunther's "Inside Asia," although published a few years back, can still be read for its background material and geographical interest. One of the latest and best of the recent crop of books on the Far East is Macmillan's new "War and Diplomacy in Eastern Asia," by Claude A. Buss. Your alert newspaperman practically anticipates the news, and the books he writes are often amazingly accurate in forecasting events.

★ ★

☞William L. Shirer's "Berlin Diary" is of course now history. Here is one book that has probably contributed more to the understanding of what Nazism means than Hitler's own "Mein Kampf." Joining the growing ranks of books written by reporters is Virginia Cowles's "Looking for Trouble," John Gunther's new "Inside Latin America," H. R. Knickerbocker's "Is Tomorrow Hitler's?," Jos. C. Harsch's "Pattern of Conquest," Robert J. Casey's "I Can't Forget," and Thomas Kernan's "France on Berlin Time."

★ ★

☞There are scores of other books that fit into this classification and add much credit to the American Press and their workers. But the best re-

(*Continued on next page*)

Advice for late Christmas shoppers

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(*Continued from previous page*)

ward and appreciation these writers can receive is the fact that their books sell. The day of the "flop" book by a reporter on international affairs is gone. The present Gentlemen of the Press are news-merchants, and they know how to peddle the merchandise.

★ ★

☞The Beacon Press, publishers of the "Great Companions," an anthology of readings compiled by Robert French Leavens, notifies the trade with great reluctance of a slight advance in the price of the book, from $2.50 to $3.00. The reason: rising costs in paper and production. This thoroughly enjoyable issue, which is vol. 2, would make a fine gift for those whose readings are generally off the well-beaten paths of literature. ☞A new French weekly, *Le Courrier des Amériques* will shortly make its appearance. It is designed to take the place of some of the French periodicals that were published in France before the war. In the opinion of Peter E. Stogoff, editor, there is no French magazine in America today that voices the political and cultural thinking of the many thousands of French-speaking Americans in this country. The editor will welcome inquiries addressed to 521 West 123rd Street, New York City.

★ ★

☞One of the more commendable enterprises in book publishing is being performed by Barnes & Noble, who are putting back into print some important American history books that have long been out-of-print. Some of these classics are "A History of the United States since the Civil War," by Ellis Paxon Oberholtzer; "The Frontier in American Literature," by Lucy Lockwood Hazard; and "Americans in Eastern Asia," by Tyler Dennett. The last title is particularly timely since it has been regarded by leading authorities as the standard work on Asiatic problems of the nineteenth century.

★ ★

☞Random House is playing the grand diapason with George Stewart's "Storm." The opening advertising campaign of this powerful book took the form of a double-page horizontal spread in the *SRL*. This was part of a $10,000 budget set aside by Random House for this one book alone. A Book-of-the-Month selection it has reached the best-seller lists. ☞Speaking of best sellers, our readers may be interested to learn that the Christmas issue reached an all-time high in circulation figures in the history of the *Review*. With this shoulder-patting item, we close the year with a cheer.

LOUIS GREENFIELD.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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Double-Crostics: No. 403

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

						1-D		2-C	3-N	4-D	5-L	6-P		7-W	8-O	9-M
10-A		11-S	12-T	13-M	14-O		15-I	16-V	17-C	18-T	19-O		20-O	21-V	22-E	23-R
24-W	25-P		26-X	27-K	28-J		29-B	30-D	31-J		32-R	33-M	34-U	35-N	36-K	37-B
	38-T	39-G	40-P	41-F		42-P	43-J	44-B	45-F		46-X	47-L		48-W	49-E	50-I
51-A		52-U	53-K	54-S	55-N	56-T	57-H	58-C		59-N	60-F	61-Q		62-A	63-T	64-S
65-E	66-P	67-G		68-M	69-X	70-J		71-C	72-J	73-L		74-M	75-N	76-C	77-L	78-D
79-O		80-F	81-K	82-X		83-G	84-F	85-X	86-B	87-V		88-A	89-G	90-O	91-L	92-B
	93-H	94-E	95-A	96-D	97-N	98-I		99-S	100-T	101-N	102-B	103-G	104-X		105-T	106-R
107-H	108-A	109-E	110-P	111-K	112-I	113-L	114-Q	115-U	116-S	117-C		118-T	119-V	120-F	121-H	122-J
	123-D	124-Q	125-K		126-G	127-L	128-K	129-M	130-L	131-P		132-S	133-N	134-U	135-E	136-T
137-I	138-C	139-P	140-A	141-V		142-V	143-X	144-F		145-D	146-L		147-T	148-B	149-Q	150-E
	151-A	152-O	153-N	154-D	155-C	156-J		157-H	158-T	159-G	160-E	161-N	162-R		163-Q	164-J
165-F		166-P	167-F	168-G	169-T	170-A		171-M	172-B	173-X		174-S	175-E	176-W	177-R	178-O
179-L	180-A	181-B		182-D	183-V	184-I	185-E	186-B	187-S	188-G						

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 20 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Play by Zangwill (with *The*).

B. Devoted to the science of seaweeds.

C. Cynosure.

D. Indian groups of Vancouver Island and Fraser Valley.

E. Anglo-Saxon (language; 2 wds.)

F. Stone so formed as to appear cut by art.

G. Antiquated (comp.)

H. English miscellaneous writer-friend of Sir Walter Scott (1753-1815).

I. Margin or room for action.

J. State of being contiguous or in association in respect to each other.

K. In reality (2 wds.)

L. Very narrow steel instrument for abrading, used by jewelers (2 wds.)

M. Make less pliant.

N. Every direction.

O. Novel by Charlotte Bronte (1853).

P. Distinguished country gentleman in "Tom Jones."

Q. Anglo-Saxon assembly (Hist.)

R. Terminated.

S. More liberal or radical element (2 wds.)

T. Later or subsequent expedient.

U. Heroine of "Old Curiosity Shop" (first name).

V. Victor over Sisera and composer of a song of triumph (Bib.)

W. Was indebted to.

X. Buyer of cloth stolen to alter and resell (Hist.)

WORDS

88	10	51	170	108	180	62	151	95	140
102	44	181	172	86	186	37	148	92	29
76	17	58	155	2	117	71	138		
78	145	96	1	154	30	4	123	182	
160	175	185	49	22	109	94	135	65	150
45	167	80	60	120	144	84	41	165	
126	39	67	188	168	103	89	83	159	
57	107	121	157	93					
50	112	137	15	184	98				
70	43	28	164	72	31	122	156		
53	36	111	128	27	125	81			
113	47	77	73	5	127	146	179	130	91
74	13	33	68	171	129	9			
153	133	97	101	3	35	59	55	75	161
90	8	20	152	14	178	79	19		
139	166	6	42	40	25	66	110	131	
149	61	114	124	163					
177	106	32	162	23					
11	64	174	99	187	132	116	54		
12	118	56	105	38	136	147	100	63	158	169	18
34	115	52	134						
87	141	142	119	16	21	183			
24	48	176	7						
173	69	104	143	46	26	82	85		

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